

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

VIRGINIA BRUCE . . . figures prominently in 'Hollywood Diary', the continuation of Harry Evans' account of his recent visit to the film colony. A number of the other leading personalities in motion pictures are also discussed by Harry in his article. Page 10



BAMPPYLYDE-MOORE CAREW . . . King of the Beggars, harnessed the public with an artistic flair the public never equaled in the extraordinary fraternity. Stewart Robertson describes the amazing exploits of Bamphy and other beggars in 'Grimm's Games'.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY ROBERT PILGRIM

FROM MRS. J.C. FORTNAUER,
7752 S.E. WISLEY ST.,
PORTLAND, ORE.

"YOU COULD TELL HE WAS FROM COLLITCH BY THE WAY HE SLURPED HIS SOUP!" INSTRUCTION IN TABLE MANNERS IS A PART OF A COURSE IN COLLEGE ORIENTATION GIVEN TO GRINNELL (IA) COLLEGE FRESHMEN

FROM MRS. J.C. FORTNAUER,
7752 S.E. WISLEY ST.,
PORTLAND, ORE.GUM
STUCK
ON THIS
PIN

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF THE '90'S KEPT THEIR CHEWED GUM IN SMALL, DECORATIVE TIN "GUM BOXES" WHICH THEY PINNED TO THEIR CLOTHES!

FROM GEORGINA HARRIS,
4000 10TH AVE., CONANTON, CALIF.
95010

LOUIS XV

KING OF FRANCE AND KING OF THE "EGG CHIPPERS!"

HIS CHIEF PASTIME WAS MAKING CANDY AND TARTS, AND HIS GREATEST PRIDE WAS THE WAY HE LOPPED OFF THE TOP OF A SOFT-BOILED EGGS! "LONG LIVE THE KING!" CRIED THE COURTIER EVERY MORNING WHEN LOUIS CHIPPED HIS BREAKFAST EGGS!

FROM BOB FOWLER,
10442-56 10TH ST.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
90045

HASAN USLU OF DEMIR BERE, TURKEY, ATE A PAIR OF FIVE-POUND LEATHER SANDALS, FRIED IN BUTTER WITH SALT AND PEPPER, TO WIN A BET OF 80¢!

"JUMPIN' WELL DO THE JOB QUICKER, CREW!"



A SURE "CURE" FOR INDIGESTION IN THE MIDDLE AGES WAS TO HAVE SOMEONE SIT UPON THE AFFLICTED STOMACH AND BOUNCE UP AND DOWN!

FROM YVONNE KENNEY,
928 N. 30 ST.,
WACO, TEX.

IF SHELLEY ATE ONE BAKED POTATO, I'LL EAT TWO AND I'LL BE GREATER!

WOW!!

FROM
MR. FRANK
405 CHAMBER
AND
WILSON ST.,
P.A.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, RENOWNED ENGLISH POET, USUALLY ATE A BAKED POTATO WHEN HE SAT DOWN TO WRITE! SAID HE, "SOME OF MY FINEST IDEAS COME WHILE PUTTING IN THE BUTTER!"

A. GOOSE RUNS A POULTRY AND MEAT MARKET IN PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FROM ELLIS BORDEN,
1072 BROADWAY BLVD.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AN OLD STATUTE MAKES IT UNLAWFUL IN GARY, IND., FOR ANYONE BUT THE MAYOR AND COUNCILMEN TO ATTEND THE THEATRE OR BOARD A STREETCAR WITHIN FOUR HOURS AFTER EATING GARLIC!

FROM RAY S. BARNES, JR., 1237-12TH ST.,
WASH., D.C.

UNUSUAL facts about food and home making are printed each issue in this department. Each issue a first prize of \$10, a second prize of \$5, and several \$1 prizes are awarded. Checks are mailed to winners in advance of the issue date. When two or more identical ideas are received, the first one sent will be awarded a prize if any is used. Therefore, please date your entry. Every idea should be accompanied by mention of the source from which you learned it. No ideas or photographs can be returned. No entry is printed sooner than eight weeks after it reaches us, because of the time required for illustration and for printing and distributing the magazine. The contest is continuous. Be sure to address Food for Thought Editor, THE FAMILY CIRCLE, 400 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.



"Don't you think there will be swimming today?"



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your pleasure and enjoyment



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Oralgene helps keep teeth
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SUCCESSFUL SUMMER PARTY



Tempting Premium Cracker appetizers complete the enjoyment of good iced beverages—set you up as a clever hostess

SO EASY TO MAKE, TOO—a generous package of Premium Crackers and a variety of simple spreads will do the trick. Your reputation as a knowing hostess will be made in a minute! Premium Crackers have just the right texture for spreading, combined with a delicate baked-in salty tang that not only adds zest to drinks, but brings out the full flavor of the spreads themselves.

Your grocer carries Premium Crackers, always oven-fresh from a nearby National Biscuit Company bakery. Plan them for your next party!



Look for this Seal of Perfect Baking which identifies products of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The Family Circle

CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE MORE THAN 1,425,000

HARRY H. EVANS, Editor JULIA LEE WRIGHT, Director, Homemakers' Bureau
Editorial Advisory Staff: JAN C. MAYER, Art R. R. ENDICOTT, Manuscripts

All advertised products guaranteed • All recipes thoroughly tested

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

MANY thanks to Shannon Jones, 890 46th Ave., San Francisco, California, for sending us this reprint verse.

*My grandpa notes the world's worn dogs
And says we're going to the dogs.
His grandpa, in a hat of loss,
Poured things were going to the dogs.
His grandpa, in the Irish boys,
Swore things were going to the dogs.
His grandpa, dressed in cow man's togs,
Mooed things were going to the dogs.
Now this is all I have to state—
The dogs have had an awful wait!*

CONSTANCE CHASE, Box 140, Route A, Oxnard, California, sends her favorite poem in the hope that other readers will enjoy it as much as she has.

*Speak to my heart through gardens, till I see
The shame of service rendered grudgingly,
Turn from the selfishness that could forget
A lifetime were too short to pay my debt,
Beholding how from bud to petal-fall
Proud poppies bloom with joy at giving all.*

*Out of the grace of garden, make me wise
To learn as larkspur mirrors mist blue skies,
Here in my place, Thy holy ground, I, too,
May live a life that as a warrior true
Reflects the beauty of that Blessed One
Who in a garden prayed, "Thy will be done!"*

—MOLLY ANDERSON BAILEY

A READER who signs herself Kate G., 2706 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California, sends this reprint poem, and tells us that "a sweet Christian lady sent it to me since I have been enjoying an enforced rest. I would like to share it with your readers, as I continue resting."

FOR ONE WHO IS TIRED

Dear heart, God does not say, "Today be strong."

*He knows your strength is spent
He knows how long the road has been,
How weary you have grown,
For He who walked the earthly road along
Each bogging lowland and each steep hill
Can understand, and so He says, "Be still
And know that I am God."
The hour is late and you must rest awhile
And you must wait awhile until life's empty
reservoirs fill up.
As slow rain fills an empty cup.
Hold up your cup, dear child, for God to fill.
He only asks today that you be still!*

O UR thanks to Mrs. L. Toney, 2689 Mabel St., Berkeley, California, for sending us this reprint verse.

*A pound of blame from an honest friend
May save a man from sin,
But an ounce of praise from a faithful
friend
Is the punk he needs to win!*

WRITES Jeanette Ward, Log Cabin Station, Princeville, Oregon. "Our family is almost divided on the day THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE comes into the home. Each one maneuvers to get it first." And this is the verse Miss Ward is kind enough to send us.

GIFT FROM HEAVEN

(A husband is a gift from heaven to woman, says a prominent sociologist.)

*Does your gift from heaven give you all the money that you need?
Does he bring men home to dinner when but two you'd planned to feed?
Does your gift from heaven always do exactly as he should?
Does he hang up his pajamas or just leave them where he stood?
As a husband have you thought him in his manners rather slack?
Well, he's now your gift from heaven!
Would you like to send him back?*

*Does your gift from heaven, lady, stay out rather late at night?
Does he grumble in the morning if the coffee isn't right?
Does he whistle while he's shaving? Does he toss his things about?
When you make a bid at contract, does he always take you out?
Does he frequently annoy you by the silly things he'll do?
Then remember, little lady, he is heaven's gift to you.*

*A scientist has told us that he thoroughly believes
A husband is a present which from heaven the wife receives.
And I know a man will hail him as a friend,
but I shall fear
To quote my heavenly rating, for I know she'll say, "My dear,
You may be a gift from somewhere, but you can't be heaven-sent.
The professor's made an error—'twas the other place he meant!"*

—EDGAR A. GUEST



Behind a bride's back!

1. First Neighbor:

"Of course, everything's delicious, especially this tea! But poor Jack..."

2. Second Neighbor:

"Yes, poor boy. She'll spend more than he makes. Why, tea like this must cost a fortune!"

3. Bride:

"Did I hear you say something about the tea? It's Lipton's. Isn't it good?"

4. Both Neighbors:

"Er, yes... Just what we said... Yea, indeed."

5. Bride:

"And it's so thrifty for a young couple. You know—even as fine a tea as Lipton's costs less than any other beverage except water!"

LIPTON'S TEA

"THE WORLD'S MOST DELICIOUS"

WHY NOT ENJOY
THE BEST—WHEN
THE BEST COSTS
SO LITTLE!





Love came to me, Mr. Superintendent ...

"SCHOOL PRINCIPAL ON PAN FOR SPARKING TEACHER," THE HEADLINE READ. BUT ELDRED'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE CASE MAKES FAR LIVELIER READING THAN THE NEWSPAPER STORY
BY NARD JONES

May 28, 1938

County Superintendent of Schools,
County-City Building,
Kingville

Dear Sir:

Today I am sending a letter of resignation to the clerk of School District No. 22, and I wish to explain the reason for this. The reason is that I expect to be fired, and as I intend to continue the profession of teaching and therefore do not wish to have any stigma attached to my record, I am also writing you the full facts of the case.

As you know, my record has been--and is--an excellent one. In fact, if you will look at the data in your files you will find that in a short three years since graduating from Whatcomb College I have risen to the principalship of School District No. 22, which employs three people (counting the principal and the janitor).

I have no doubt that the clerk of the school district, Mr. Wesley P. Harkness, will report the matter to you in very great detail--and I will have something to say about Mr. Wesley P. Harkness later. But you may even know about the matter already if you happened to come across the May 18 issue of *The Bellevue American*, which had a story about it under the headline "SCHOOL PRINCIPAL ON PAN FOR SPARKING TEACHER."

I wish to point out that *The Bellevue American* is operated by a young man whose journalistic activities lean somewhat to the less conservative side, and, in my opinion, the headline is too flippant. However, I will not sidestep the issue, and I freely admit the inference which may be drawn from that headline. If *The Bellevue American* meant that I was severely criticized because I paid attention to Miss Amy Menefee, then I accept that headline in toto.

Furthermore, I wish to point out that I find nothing in the rules or statutes which prohibits a principal's paying attention to one of the teachers on his staff--I mean, in this instance, what might be termed extra-curricular attention. And if Mr. Wesley P. Harkness's report to you suggests even in the slightest way that my work or hers or was an unhealthy influence on the morale of the pupils, I have only to say that Mr. Menefee was the fabricator. And the written evidence of his fabrication Harkness is a fabricator. I state this in the light of conversation, I may say, astonish me.



Mr. Harkness began trying to hold my arm, and the youngest Harkness began biting me on the right calf. I was able to stave off the rush of Arden only by sticking my left knee into his chest.

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considerable dealings with Mr. Harkness as (1) a taxpayer with a child in my school and as (2) the clerk of the school board.

Now, as for Miss Menefee, I, as principal of the school, feel constrained to point out that her work has been flawless. Miss Menefee came to District No. 22 fresh from Seilingham Normal School, and frankly I was disturbed and skeptical when the board engaged a teacher who had had no experience. I was even more disturbed when I met Miss Menefee for the first time. She did not appear to be adapted to the work. That is, Miss Menefee is small and rather fragile in appearance. Her hair is of that peculiar light shade which is often associated with young women of slender talents and light minds, and her wide blue eyes tended to confirm the initial suspicion caused by her hair. But, although she has a keen sense of humor, she takes her work seriously, and she has handled the first, second, and third grades astoundingly well.

I wish to point out that, as an abstract theory, I myself do not approve of a principal's viewing his teachers in anything but a professional light. But as one man to another, I am sure you will understand that one cannot always control these (Please turn to page 8)

LOVE CAME TO ME . . .

(Continued from page 7)

maturs. I did not realize it at the time, but something happened to me the very first moment I laid eyes on Miss Amy Menefee. Now, I am not a susceptible male, and at Whatcomb College my fraternity brothers referred to me facetiously as "The Monk." This was due to the fact that I never made a date to escort a young woman to any function whatsoever unless goaded by the social committee of Beta Theta Pi, my fraternity. After graduation I conducted myself with the same disregard for the opposite sex. My heart was and is entirely in my work, and I point to my record as proof.

But, as it must to all men at one time or another, love came to me, Mr. Superintendent. There was nothing I could do about it. And, when once I discovered my predicament, I resolved not to attempt to beat about the bush. I might have courted Miss Menefee surreptitiously, but that is not my nature, nor is it hers. I began to be seen openly in public with her. I frequently took her to the motion pictures in Bellevue on Saturday night. I appeared with her at the basket social which was given under the auspices of the Bellevue Ladies' Guild. There I publicly bid her basket up to \$8.15. As spring came on, we sometimes took drives in the evening, and when our after-school labors happened to cease at approximately the same time—which was not infrequently—I walked with her to Mrs. Carpenter's, where she boards.

I AM not sure that I considered the effect of this association on the parents and other taxpayers of the district. In my innocence I am afraid I did not give the matter any thought. One day Mr. Wesley P. Harkness said to me, "Mr. Wainwright, I'm warning if we are not able to save a little money for the school next year."

"I hope so," I answered politely. "What do you have in mind?"

Mr. Harkness made a queer face, which I assume was meant to convey slyness, and said, "If the wife of the principal is able to teach, then possibly we could save a teacher's salary."

At the moment I did not catch the import of this remark. "No," I said, "that is against the rules of the school district. Even if the principal's wife does teach, she's entitled to the minimum salary in her classification."

Now this was before Miss Menefee and I had been seen together enough to have it taken seriously, and it was some little time before his meaning dawned on me. When it did, I mentioned it to Miss Menefee.

"Do you suppose," suggested Miss Menefee, "that he was trying to say that perhaps we shouldn't go together so obviously?"

"I don't know," I said. "But I prefer to go together obviously. Or not at all."

"I agree with you," said Miss Menefee.

One day Miss Menefee came into my office with her face blazing. That afternoon at recess she had overheard the usual son of Mr. Wesley P. Harkness telling classmates that Miss Menefee and I were in love with each other.

"The Harkness boy is incorrigible, anyhow," Miss Menefee went on to say. "I'm afraid I'm going to have trouble with him."

"If you have any trouble," I told her, "just send him in to me. That is your duty."

"His spelling and reading are atrocious, and he makes no effort to improve them. I don't want to hold up his passing grades, but I think he can do better, if he wishes."

I pointed out to Miss Menefee that she must not allow her sympathies to compromise the standards of the school, and she promised to give Master Harkness no better than he deserved.

IT was just after the second report cards were issued that Mr. Wesley P. Harkness came to see me. "I note," he said ominously,

"that Gerald is not getting along well with his spelling and reading."

I said politely that Miss Menefee had told me Gerald was having some difficulty.

"Did it ever occur to you—that is, do you think it possible—that the method of teaching might have something to do with it?" Mr. Harkness, I think, meant that to be a rhetorical question.

"The method we follow is approved by the State and county," I pointed out to him.

"Then perhaps I mean the use of the method," specified Mr. Harkness. "In other words, Mr. Wainwright, are you positive that Miss Menefee is competent? I am interested not simply as the father of Gerald, but as a member of the school board."

"Gerald is below the average of the class," I told Mr. Harkness as gently as I could. "Which indicates that the trouble is not with Miss Menefee. I am strengthened in that opinion by her work in the other grades."

Mr. Harkness's face darkened. "Could it," he asked, "be strengthened also because you have a special feeling for Miss Menefee?"

Now, Mr. Superintendent, I fully realize how disastrous it would have been for me to have struck Mr. Harkness then and there. I have never become one to believe that differences are effectively settled through physical combat, but at that moment Mr. Harkness was, if I may say so, in grave danger. However, I restrained myself. As quietly as I could, I said, "Any special feeling that I may have for Miss Menefee would not enter into my estimation of her as a teacher."

At this Mr. Harkness growled as if to say that he doubted me very much indeed, and then he stalked out of my office. From that moment on I expected to hear more of the matter, and I was not mistaken. I dislike to mention it, but Mr. Harkness is a talkative woman, and I am certain that Mr. Harkness told her what had happened, and that she brought the subject to the attention of neighbors, and that they, in turn, brought it to the attention of still other persons. At any rate, you can imagine my chagrin when I found that all the boys and girls in the school were whispering about it. At first I chose to ignore this, but that was difficult.

I felt great sympathy for Miss Menefee under the circumstances, and at one point (April 15, to be exact) I suggested to her that we resign immediately and get married.

Miss Menefee would not hear of it. "I'm surprised at you," she said. "You may resign if you wish, but I'm staying right here until I complete my contract or they discharge me—for whatever reason they can muster."

I took strength from this. "We must admit, though," I pointed out to her, "that our attraction for each other has, through no fault of our own, somewhat disrupted the morale of the school. In the interest of doing a good job for these boys and girls whose future is in our hands we should, perhaps, not be seen so frequently together."

I am proud to say that Miss Menefee protested this, which, I think, illustrated her feelings toward me. But on that very same day her reasonableness prevailed over her heart, as you might say, and she agreed. Thus, on April 15, last, we declared a sort of moratorium on our companionship.

CHILDREN, having so many interests, forget quickly, and I think that all might have gone well if complications had not arisen. Mr. Superintendent. They arose in the shape of Mr. Wesley P. Harkness's oldest son, who is a sophomore in college and who just at that time came home for his spring vacation. His name, as you know, is Arden, and to me he is a perfect study in heredity. I can see in him all the disturbing attributes and characteristics of his father.

Had it not been for the moratorium Miss Harkness (Please turn to page 14)



"Tickles!"



● Yes, little lady, there is a tickle for your palate in these sparkling beverages. And wholesome refreshment, too, for Fisher Beverages are real thirst-quenchers for active youngsters. Grown-ups find them delightful, too, in various ways, or just straight, the way you like it.

**PALE DRY GINGER ALE
GOLDEN GINGER ALE
LIME RICKEY
ROOT BEER
SPARKLING WATER**

F I S H E R F O O D S

C L E V E L A N D - O W N E D



" C H A M P I O N S O F G O O D L I V I N G "

If you asked any person in the Hollywood colony to name the ten most beautiful women in the movies, there is one lady who is certain to be included in the list: H.C. Virginia Bruce. To appreciate this distinction, it is necessary to see Virginia several times in person. She is, of course, beautiful on the screen, but to get a true picture of her charms, it is necessary to see her at close range. Because of the extraordinary texture of her skin and the striking coloring of her hair and eyes, she is one of those fortunate film females who do not have to worry about make-up and lighting. The closer you get to her, the better she looks. Another asset is her hands. You are conscious of them almost immediately after you meet her. Her long, tapering fingers would delight a sculptor, and she handles them with an unstudied grace which is fascinating. Other women are continually making reference to Virginia's hands and to her complexion.

Add to these physical advantages a lovely speaking voice, a pleasant smile, and a most gracious manner and you have one of those honey-haired beauties who often run across in romantic literature but seldom catch hanging around the corner drugstore.

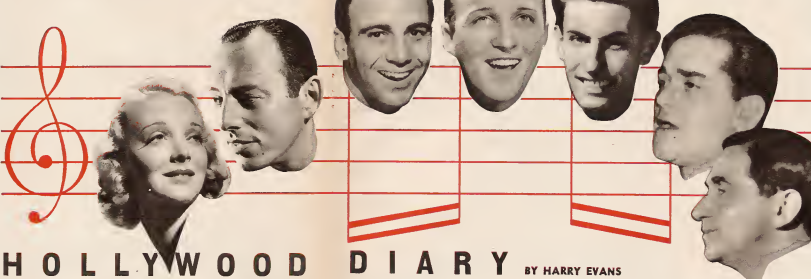
The fact that Miss Bruce is a successful screen actress proves that she has a bright mind. This is a prime quality of pretty ladies who seek film fame. And the prettier they are, the smarter they have to be. Because the prettier they are, the more complex problems they have to face. And almost every time they face a problem, they face a man. Yes, the Hollywood glamour girls must really be acquainted with the angles to keep stepping upward in the movies and at the same time not stop on anybody's toes. It especially behooves a lady to know all the cute ways of saying no without giving offense.

Which reminds me of a story. It concerns Miss Bruce and it happened some time ago. Since then she has been happily married to the well known director J. Walter Ruben (known as Jack), and so the tale can be related. To Virginia, the incident in this incident (a good friend of mine) tells the story on himself, so he will not be offended. His name will not, however, be mentioned here.

This lad, who has a way with the fair sex, had met Virginia and was much impressed. He went into his den, and when I hear it is an intriguing routine. Things had come to a pretty pass—in fact, several of them—when Jack at a party, then Virginia, and then I turned to my chum and said, "I wonder if you would be good enough to take me home?" Would he? The guy almost broke his back getting her away, and then he went on of the room with the lovely creature on his arm, his chest expanded noticeably and he was breathing smartly. He was in fact, well-smiled which seemed to say, "Take a good look at a gent who knows how to get to the top of the tree."

"Your car is waiting," Miss Bruce's butler announced as they passed through the front door. And there it was—large, handsome, dark, and inviting. The chauffeur followed the rear door and Miss Bruce stepped in, followed eagerly by the potential Romeo. They sank into seats and the car decided as the "luxurious upholstery," the man turned to Virginia with a romantic light in his eyes and a pretty speech on his lips. But the light suddenly died and the words froze in his mouth. Sitting on the other side of Virginia was another man! As my friend stared in disbelief, Virginia turned to him.

A CLOSE-UP OF VIRGINIA BRUCE AND NOTES—ALL MUSICAL— ABOUT DINNER AT HER HOUSE AND AN IRVING BERLIN PARTY



HOLLYWOOD DIARY BY HARRY EVANS

Virginia Bruce—who has had to know all the cute ways of saying no without offending

Jack Ruben—who will control a potential Romeo with no exception to her father

Johnny Green—Russian month's wife cheated him "broader than a Russian's ass" while

Bing Crosby—his love to be a concert pianist, and so, at the time of my visit to Hollywood, he had given up his baton, taken a rest from composition, and was concentrating on improving his piano technique under the guidance of a famous Russian teacher.

Eddy Duchin—his style, still his natural, and even his boys in the orchestra sit and listen

Jack Whitney—the piano with relatives and friends while Bing ruled his be-be-be-be

Irving Berlin—wines who know his lyrics you can't make the H.C. of the L.L.

"Oh," she murmured apologetically. "I don't think you have met. This," she declared, indicating the stranger, "is my father."

DURING my recent trip to Hollywood I saw quite a bit of Virginia, and one evening they were good enough to have me over for dinner. The guest list included two of my old friends from the East, Johnny Green, noted composer and orchestra leader, and his wife, screen actress Betty Furness. Also on the party was another unusual musician, Roger Edens. I use the word "unusual" because he has a talent which is rare and consequently in great demand. At the time he was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and his particular job was teaching Judy Garland to "sell" songs. In other words, when Judy had a song to sing in a picture, the words, music, and melody were turned over to Roger. He first made an arrangement of the music which was best suited to Judy's voice and style of delivery, and then he coached her on every detail of accent, phrasing, and gesture. Remember the grand arrangement of "You Made Me Love You, I Didn't Want To Do It" which Judy sang in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry"? That was a typical example of Roger Edens' work. And if you have happened to see Judy when she made her personal appearance here some months ago, you probably remember the tall, good-looking bird who played the piano for her. That was Roger.

Johnny Green, who has been identified with the most popular radio programs, "and who is recognized as a really brilliant orchestra leader, has decided that he wants to be a concert pianist, and so, at the time of my visit to Hollywood, he had given up his baton, taken a rest from composition, and was concentrating on improving his piano technique under the guidance of a famous Russian teacher.

Virginia and Jack Ruben are so fond of music that they have two pianos in the house—one in the living room downstairs, the other in a little nook just off the staircase on the second floor. It is to this intimate spot upstairs that their guests naturally wander after dinner, and so, after dinner, as soon as the girls had powdered their noses and the boys had told a few stories, we all gathered around the second-story baby grand. We were eager, of course, to hear Johnny give out with some of his newly acquired highbrow stuff—which he did, and most enjoyably—but it was not long before there were loud requests for "Buddy and Soul," "I Cover the Waterfront," "Easy Come, Easy Go," and "There's a Crowd."

What happened after Johnny had played those favorites was what happened almost any time somebody sits down at a piano in Hollywood and starts playing popular tunes. The rest of the gang gets around and sings. I have never seen any place where people love to sing as much as they do in Hollywood, nor have I seen any harmoniums elsewhere take more pride in their memory for lyrics. Yes indeed, if you want to make a list of a Hollywood-party, break up on the words of the old song—starting with "After the Ball," running through such masterpieces as "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," "Oceans Roll," "Kings on My Fingers," "Avalon," and "Take Your Girl to the Movies," and moving up to "Long, Long Trail" and the other war songs. On the way you must be prepared to run the gamut of the Irving Berlin compositions. Nobody will be even considered for membership in the Hollywood Chapter of Lord, Lusty Liberty unless he can rattle off all the words to "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Always," "When That Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for Alabam," "All Alone," and "Russian Lullaby."

If you happen to know the lyrics to a lot of these grand old ditties, you are almost certain to be mistaken for a genius, and before the evening is over you are likely to be offered a job by Darryl Zanuck, David Selznick, or some other song-shocked mogul.

It was then that I was reminded of a song which Johnny composed last winter, and which was supposed to have come out in "Start Cheering," the same film which featured another of his hits, "Rockin' the Town." He played it for a group of us one afternoon at the New York home of Jules Gustavson, and I remembered the title. It was "Now's the Time." When I asked what had happened to the tune, Johnny shook his head sadly.

"That was just one of those things," he told us. "The song was thrown out of the picture."

I asked him to play the number and sing the lyric, which he did, and everyone agreed that the ditty had an appealing swing of marked originality, and we expressed amazement that it had not been used. At the time I made a note to tell Fred Astaire about this number the next time I saw him, as it would be a natural for him to use in a dance sequence. As luck would have it, Mr. and Mrs. Astaire invited me over to their place about a week later, and so I made the suggestion. Here's hoping Fred decides to use the tune in one of his pictures.

It's a funny thing about a Hollywood evening such as this one at the Rubens'. You invariably find out something about people you did not know before. In this case the discovery concerned our hostess, Virginia, and a guest, Mrs. John Hay "Jock" Whitney. For no good reason, someone asked Virginia and I to sing a song together, and their voices blended like a well-rehearsed sister act. It was so good, in fact, that Roger Edens wanted to do something about it, and the next thing we knew the two girls were planning to have Roger coach them.

No one was more surprised than the writer, because I was staying at Mrs. Whitney's house during my visit to Hollywood, and although I knew she was a barbershop harmonist of no mean ability, I had no idea that she could sing as well as she did with Virginia.

WHILE on the subject of singing in Hollywood, I might mention that the most enthusiastic of all the community warblers is Bing Crosby. As a general rule, people who can really sing refuse to be

sucked into sessions with loud, enthusiastic groups of uncertain vocalists. But Bing loves it.

Two nights after my thoroughly pleasant evening with the Rubens, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin gave a party at the Clover Club, and toward the close of the evening Eddy Duchin joined the company. It is the opinion of this writer that Mr. Duchin plays the piano as delightfully as any of the key-ticklers of the modern school. He has a style which is still his own, even though many pianists have tried to ape his tricks and mannerisms, and despite his popularity and steadily growing reputation, he is most obliging when asked by his friends to perform—as he was on this occasion.

There was a fine orchestra at the Clover Club, but once Eddy started playing, everyone wanted to sit and listen—including the orchestra. Then, at a few times, we started drifting up to the piano, until almost everyone in the place was standing around. Someone asked Eddy to play "Stardust." He had played only a few bars of that haunting melody when a voice started humming—a voice which everyone recognized at once. It was Bing, standing on the fringe of the crowd. In a moment we had shoved him right up against the piano, and then began a songfest that I shall never forget.

I don't know, dear reader, whether or not you are a Crosby fan. I am. In a big way. And I do not believe there is a more popular star in Hollywood—particularly with the other stars—than Bing. He is as natural in (Please turn to page 13)



WE'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE
THESE VEGETABLES TASTE WONDERFUL

● This is no magic formula. We don't even have a new invention to tell you about. But there is a way for you to combine these vegetables easily into as savory a dish as you could want.

Ever try Fisher's lamb for stew? We make quite a fuss about it because we think it's a service unequaled in Cleveland. Fresh, tender morsels of lamb—all completely boned and trimmed of waste—ready to slip into the pan. It's **gravy meat**, full of flavor, and that's what makes your vegetables taste wonderful!

ASK YOUR MEAT MANAGER

FISHER FOODS

CLEVELAND-OWNED



"CHAMPIONS OF GOOD LIVING"

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

(Continued from page 11)

person as he looks on the screen and sounds on the air—which is about as natural as a performer can be—and he would rather harmonize with a gang of cronies than eat.

There was some plain and fancy harmonizing, with Bing hitting all the minor swivels with a solid baritone, but we insisted on a solo about every other number, and so we were privileged to hear him sing "I Surrender, Dear," "On the Old Ox Road," "Peemies from Heaven," "Sweet Leilani," and many more of those swell tunes which are so closely identified with his success.

Between these solos, the community swing section went into action, with such songsters as Randy Scott, Constance Bennett, Dixie (Mrs. Bing) Crosby, Virginia Bruce, Liz and Jack Whitney, Joan Payson (Jack's sister), Phil Baker, Gilbert Roland, Mrs. David Seidman, Bob Hope, and many others, too loud to mention.

Specialty features included a request number, "Boulevard of Broken Dreams," sung by Connie Bennett. Remember her crooning this one in "Moulin Rouge"? She can still put it over as effectively as she did in that film. And Phil Baker took over the piano long enough to offer a rumba which he had just written. It was not titled at the time and I have not heard it since, but it was plenty good.

BEFORE closing this chapter of the "Hollywood Diary," I would like to tell you a story about Johnny Green and his Russian piano teacher. It seems that the maestro speaks very little English, and that what English vocabulary he has is characterized by an astonishing disregard for rules and regulations. He has been genuinely interested in Johnny's concert work—so much so that if Johnny showed unusual progress during one week, the teacher would give him an extra lesson, without charge, on Saturday. One time, after Johnny had finished a lesson and when he owed for two weeks' instruction, the Russian's wife, who keeps the books, came into the room and presented Johnny with his bill. As Johnny looked at it, the Russian glanced over his shoulder and suddenly grabbed the paper out of his hand.

"No, no, no, sweetheart!" he shouted at his good wife. "You are cheating by accident from mistakes. Two lessons was positively for free and should be from de bill outchided!"

Another example of the whimsical manner in which this gentleman dishes out English took place one day during a lesson. Johnny was attempting a passage which demanded an extremely light, staccato touch. After Johnny had muffed it several times, the temperamental Russian reached over and grabbed both of his hands.

"Stop, stop, Johnny!" he commanded. "Now listen while I explain." And then, with an airy gesture and a faraway look in his eyes, the maestro whispered, "Het should be zult—sweet—like es de vind in de trees through de leaves, multi-wair-ing!"

And so endeth another chapter in the life and good times of Ole Massa Evans in Hollywood. When the publisher of THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE reads these accounts, he doubtless wonders why he has to pay a guy a salary for the privilege of having fun with interesting people. And I can't blame him. Accepting dough for these Hollywood visits is taking money under false pretenses. (I'm just kidding, Boss. How about a raise?)

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(Continued from page 5)

MR. R. C. HAYNES, Box 309, Ennis, Texas, sends us this verse, which we are glad to be able to reprint.

ADVICE

Mellow the anger,
Stew the grief,
All that is bitter
Should be brief.

Strengthen all loving,
Praise the song,
All that is joyful
Should be long!

—JOSEPH LANGLAND

MR. JESSIE M. NUSS, 401 Main St., Orange, New Jersey, writes us, "Let me tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. My mother lives in a little country town in New York State, and when I get four or five copies, I pack them up and mail them to her. Mother says she and Father have spent many a pleasant evening reading the articles and other features in THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE. We all hope that it continues forever. Best wishes for your success!" Thank you for your cordial letter, Mrs. Nuss, and for sending us this verse.

WHEN MA'S AWAY

When Ma's away, you ought to see
How we keep house, my pa an' me.
We gr'nly do just what we wish
An' never wash a single dish
Un't we get a whoppin' pile
I bet would measure most a mile,
And then we have a washin' bee—
Although the bee is mostly me!

You ought to see the things we eat
That couldn't nowhere else be beat.
We've, we have peaches every meal,
An' eat 'em eat 'em up we feel.
We just can't hold another cake
A-satin' in a syrup lake.
An' when we're done, Pa says to me,
"Now, Son, how 'bout that washin' bee?"

I say, "Let's get a bigger pile—
It's lots more fun, an' better style."
So we both laugh an' stack 'em up,
An' sometimes nick a plate or cup.
An' we don't bother much to sweep
Un't the dirt gets in a heap,
So I just hustle out to play
An' bum around when Ma's away.

When Ma's been gone about a week,
We get to feelin' kind o' sneek,
An' things don't taste like what they did.
It's somethin' queer you can't get rid,
You sorta miss her custard pie
An' things that she can bake an' fry,
But most of all at night you miss,
When bedtime comes, her good-night kiss!

—T. SMITH, JR.

MANY thanks to Libbie Gerlach, 301 Jackson St., Amherst, Ohio, for sending us this reprint verse.

Take what life gives, oh heart of mine,
And build your house of happiness.
Perchance some have been given more,
But others have been given less.
The treasure lying in your hands,
That seem to palsy in your view,
Another builder, looking on,
Would give his heart to have from you.
Tomorrow, time's relentless stream
May sweep what you may have today
Oh, take what life has giv'n and build
Your house of happiness today!

"**M**AY I also join your family circle?" writes Joanna Enley, 24 Welsh Road, Willow Grove, Pennsylvania. "I consider myself fortunate in having read all the issues you have published, and I find your magazine well worthy of all the praise it receives. Because other people have poetry scrapbooks, just as I have, I am sending you some of the poems I have gathered from various sources."

FAREWELL TO A LITTLE BOY

Heavy, there will be a hoop,
And hills to roll it down . . .
(God couldn't give a little boy
The burden of a crown.)

He'll show you lots of trees to climb,
And where He keeps the rainings . . .
(God, let him have a ball and bat,
Instead of shinning wings.)

And will He let you sail a kite
Up where the sky is clear,
Without tell buildings stooping down?
Of course He will, my dear.

Now close your eyes . . . I'll kiss them shut,
The way I always do . . .
(I must—I must not cry, dear God,
Until he's safe with You!)

—HELEN WEISBINDER

REST IN PEACE

Father, in Thy starry tent
I kneel, a humble suppliant.
A day has died today on earth—
Of little worthYet very dear.

Gather him in Thine arms,
If only
For a while.
I fear
He will be lonely.
Shield him with Thy smile!

—WILFRED J. FUNK

REVELATION

Prayer is no artificial monologue
Of voice uplifted from the sod;
It is love's tender dialogue
Between the soul and God.

—JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

WE are most grateful for these quotations, sent us by Vivian Kennedy, 1350 Westlake Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.

Happiness grows at our own fireplaces and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

—EDGARLES JOHNSON

Friendship is a golden knot, tied by an angel's hand.

—JULIAN BOKR

★
**THE
FAMILY CIRCLE
MAGAZINE**
IS
**PRESENTED BY
FISHER FOODS,
CHAMPIONS OF
GOOD LIVING**
★

HUGA BRYTEN

Lithograph by ROBERT KIRBY



Truly Hawaiian

Swing into the happy tempo of Hawaii with a tall, cool glass of Dole Pineapple Juice... pure, natural, unsweetened... delicious!

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., sole purveyors of Dole Pineapple "Cans," "Sund," "Canned," "Tallies," and the new "Royal Spans" Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A. Sales Offices San Francisco.



HOME CANNING SIMPLIFIED

with new booklet



It's new... it's up-to-date... it gives you authoritative information on successful home canning. "MODERN CANNING" is 9x6 inches, with smart black and white cover, contains 43 pages of easy-to-grasp canning facts.

It describes the 4 most successful methods of canning fruits, vegetables, meats. Includes 16 easy recipes for jellies, marmalades, pickles, preserves. Gives detailed directions on preparing foods for canning. Specifies types of jars and seals. The most complete canning booklet ever offered, it eliminates all guesswork... it ensures success. Send name, address and 10c to JULIA LEE WRIGHT, Homemakers' Bureau, Box 668-MC, Oakland, California.

LOVE CAME TO ME...

(Continued from page 8)

Menefee and I had declared, I doubt if Arden would have had a chance to become well acquainted with Miss Menefee, because I would have been occupying her attention. But with me ostensibly not interested, it was only natural that Arden should notice and be attracted by such a young woman. I voiced some objection when I learned that Miss Menefee planned to attend a dance in Bellevue with Arden, but she pointed out that he was, after all, Mr. Harkness's son. "We're in considerable trouble as it is," she said, "and I'd like for you to be able to be here another year or at least leave with first-class recommendations."

This appeared to be a cogent argument at the time. I did have some misgivings, however, for Arden Harkness is a type which sometimes appeals to women, although I am at a loss to discover why. He is, in my opinion, too dashing and too good-looking for a man. Also, he drives a showy blue roadster with a musical horn. A sensible girl like Miss Menefee takes these things at their true value, of course, but, on the other hand, she would not be a woman if they did not influence her to some extent.

I was naturally disturbed when I heard that Arden Harkness had decided not to return to college for the spring quarter. His stated reason was that the spring term did not offer the particular courses that he wished to absorb. This seemed to me to be a specious reason, as I feel that young Harkness is not the type of collegian to be possessed of a burning desire to absorb any courses whatsoever. I pointed this out to Miss Menefee, and suggested that he might be staying at home so as to be near her.

"Nonsense," she said. "Arden wouldn't stay home from college because of a girl—and certainly not me."

This was modest of Miss Menefee, but it was not reassuring. It suggested to me that she was misjudging young Harkness, and I considered that a dangerous sign. I considered it dangerous because I am not, frankly, the type that appeals strongly to a woman.

"The end of the school year is approaching," I said to Miss Menefee one day, "and I see no reason now why we shouldn't go out together again."

"Oh, no. Everything has been going fine," Miss Menefee said. "We mustn't spoil it now. As long as Arden is at home it will be a good idea to keep things just as they are."

Keeping things as they were consisted of Miss Menefee's accepting considerable attention from Arden Harkness, and I am frank to admit that I grew to like her less every day. One afternoon I called Miss Menefee into the office and in a businesslike way said to her, "I want to check up a little, Miss Menefee. The time for issuing the third report cards and passing grades is near now, and I again wish to impress upon you the necessity of keeping up the standards. Do not issue passing grades to any pupil if he, or she, is under the slightest shadow of doubt. For example, how is the Harkness boy coming along?"

"Wonderfully," said Miss Menefee. "His spelling and reading are well above the average now."

You can imagine, Mr. Superintendent, that I was a little astonished at this news, and I think it is only human that I was suspicious. Not, I hasten to add, because of any possible personal consideration in the case, but simply because of my obligation as a principal. I did not, however, let Miss Menefee detect my doubt.

WHAT I did was to take things in my own hands, more or less. In spite of Miss Menefee's protests, I began to be seen with her. I walked home from school with her. Sometimes I recklessly addressed her as

Amey. I do not know who started the petition for my dismissal, and I will make no charges, but I cannot refrain from pointing out that Arden Harkness, as well as his father, was not pleased when I began to pay attention to Miss Menefee again. Suffice it to say that the petition was circulated and some signatures were obtained. That was the cause of the headline in *The Bellevue American* which said SCHOOL PRINCIPAL ON PAN FOR SPARKING TEACHER.

I do not think that the petition would have ever come to you if it had not been for what happened yesterday—the last day of school.

As I say, I was suspicious when Miss Menefee told me that the Harkness boy had risen higher than the class average in spelling and reading. I was even more suspicious when, upon examining the report cards before their issuance, I found that she had passed him with excellent grades. In doing what I did, I was, as you will understand, acting entirely within my rights as a school principal. Before mailing the Harkness card I wrote "Conditional" upon it.

I was not unprepared for the sequel to my written doubt of Miss Menefee's judgment. Mr. Wesley P. Harkness again called upon me. I was puzzled because he brought Gerald with him, but I remained calm, even though I was seething underneath at the thought of the petition which had been circulated.

"What is the meaning of this 'Conditional' business?" demanded Mr. Harkness.

"It means that Gerald is passed from the second into the third grade on the condition that he is able to pass an examination at the beginning of next year," I explained.

"I would like to have him take that examination right here and now," said Mr. Harkness.

It is not, I realize, strictly according to the school rule, but I felt so strongly that Mr. Harkness should be taught a lesson of his own that I agreed. I then selected a standard spelling test of four words.

"Gerald," said, "spell 'friendly'." Gerald hesitated for only a moment, his eyes fixed beyond my right shoulder, according to concentrate in a manner unusual for a child of his age. "F-r-i-e-n-d-l-y," he spelled. I was naturally amazed. I was even more amazed when, with equal certainty, he spelled the other three words correctly.

Frankly, Mr. Superintendent, that was enough for me. I did not wish to display any further doubt by asking Gerald to pass a reading test. I was, I will admit, Mr. Superintendent, a little abashed.

Now, I do not know why I did it, but at that moment I happened to turn around. I was just in time to see Arden Harkness's head disappear below the window sill. Immediately I rushed to the window and looked out. Arden's roadster was parked beneath, and Arden was standing on the front seat. Just then he was crouched down, and in his hand was a large slate. In a flash I realized that Arden had been spelling out the words for Gerald in very large letters!

I was beside myself at this chicanery. I turned to Mr. Harkness and drew myself to my full height, such as it is. "I am amazed," I said, "that a parent would stoop so low—and that he would bring his own children so low as to share in his deception."

Mr. Harkness flushed with shame and rage. "For two cents," he said, "I'd have Arden come in here and lick the devil out of you!"

I DON'T know what prompted me to act in such an adolescent manner, Mr. Superintendent, but the next thing I knew I had taken two pennies from my vest pocket and laid them on the desk in front of Mr. Harkness. This childish act should have shown me that I was too angry for sane (Please turn to page 16)

A man who believes in the old saying, "See a pin and pick it up, and all the day you'll have good luck," saw a pin in front of the post office the other day. Bending down to get it, his hat tumbled off and rolled into the gutter, his eyeglasses fell and broke on the pavement, his suspenders gave way behind, he burst the buttonhole on the back of his shirt collar, and all but lost his new false teeth—but he got the pin.

—Pathfinder

LIFE IS JUST A STRING OF PERILS BY FISH



AMERICANS are a reckless, pioneer race who for generations have braved the dangers of the frontiers. That is why, I suppose, we get such a thrill from Sunday outings. There is no need, though, to take foolhardy chances, and so, in order that you may realize what jeopardies await you, I offer this outdoor manual, "Dangers to Avoid on a Picnic."

WHEN IN THE WOODS—The woods is a perilous place to be. You are never safe from one minute to the next. You never know what's behind that next tree. I here cite an incident to illustrate this:

A friend of mine was strolling through the woods with his family.

"What kind of tree is this, Daddy?" asked my friend's young son, skipping ahead and placing his forefinger on the trunk of a sizable growth.

"Why—er—that's a mountain cedar," said Daddy.

By this time the young son (unfortunately not so young as to be unable to read) had worked his way around to the other side of the tree.

"But look here, Daddy," said the boy, "it says, 'Hemlock—*Truga Heterophylla*.'"

In the woods—a dangerous place—you never know what's behind the next tree. In this case, it's a wild squirrel. (And don't let us hear you complain about its being overwise. In California they grow so big they sometimes cross with coopers.)

Take my word on word of my friend's son, who was surprised to find that the squirrel was indeed a cooperator.



This possumlike pose may be all right for Tarzan but not for a man with pocket valuables.

stain danger in the woods is Tarzan. The danger is not from Tarzan but to him. Leave a man around a tree very long and he will, sooner or later, get a boyish impulse to climb it—provided the limbs are handily arranged.

After stripping to his vest and climbing to a cautious distance above the ground, he takes the next step in his atavistic performance, which is to beat his chest playfully and give his version of Tarzan's bull-apc yodel. This brings delighted cries from the ladies, who say, "Isn't he just too funny for words?"—which further encourages the poor fellow to show off.

He remembers the days when he used to skin the cat, and he feels a sudden surge of power to his muscles. Nimble dropping down on the limb, which looks strong enough, he pulls his knees up . . . over (ah, he can still do it!) . . . down behind his head . . .

Hey! What was that? The admiring oaks of the ladies have changed to gasps of dismay. Things are whanging and tinkling onto the ground.

He hastily scrambles back up to the limb, raking a good portion of hide off his arm against the rough bark, and then drops to the ground to join the search among the leaves for his keys, small change, fountain pen, and other pocket odds and ends. His watch can probably be repaired for four or five bucks.



Picture of man going wild. Away from civilization and driven by hunger, he claws at his food. He's wild, of course, because he forgot the can opener.

GOING WILD—Men sometimes go primitive in another manner when they're away from the protection of civilization. Driven by hunger, they become wild things and claw at their food! And they're mad-dened even more if the food happens to have a tin can around it. Therefore, to avoid being driven completely mad, remember the can opener.

THE FIRE HAZARD—This is the time of year when we can't watch too carefully for fires in the forest. Consider the following case of a careless camper, a Mr. F, who could not see a fire for the smoke.

Mr. F drove his car into a nice picnic ground, and the whole family piled out with lunch baskets. "When do we eat?" they cried.

"Just as soon as we can heat the food and make some coffee," said Mrs. F.

"I'll build a fire," said Mr. F in a quiet, confident voice, and off he went to spend 15 minutes in gathering a heap of decaying wood. He then proceeded to worry some of it into chips. His search for large flat stones was scarcely a howling success, but he resolutely constructed a stove, which looked more like a cairn, and piled his supply of dank shavings in the middle of it. Then he started to light a fire. This action consumed time but not the fuel.

Mr. F, however, was a dogged man, and once, when a feeble flame showed for a few moments, he lay down on his stomach and, with nothing but lung power, gave a remarkable one-man imitation of "The Hurricane."

When his wife came and found him, he was blindly weeping and coughing over what would have made a fine Indian smoke signal.

"Lunch is ready, dear," said Mrs. F. The family had found a nearby group of picnickers who were just leaving a hot camp stove, so Mrs. F had taken over.

And that's how Mr. F (who kept his eyes open for smoke) and his fire (such as it was) both came to be put out.



Mr. F, having a good cry over his complete smoke screen, demonstrates that, although forest fire prevention is a good thing, it's sometimes just as well not to keep your eyes open for smoke.

So, you see? You never know what's behind the next tree. Maybe it's a sign put up by the C.C.C. for the education of nature lovers.

BEWARE, APE MEN!—Another can-

THE NEW FILMS



In "Algiers," Charles Boyer, in the role of a romantic fugitive from justice, is shown here between Sigrid Gurie (left), his Algerian sweetheart, and Parisian Hedy Lamarr. In the film, however, it is Hedy who comes between Charles and Sigrid.

"ALGIERS"

Produced by Walter Wanger
Directed by John Cromwell

CAST—Charles Boyer, Sigrid Gurie, Hedy Lamarr, Joseph Calleia, Alan Hale, Gene Lockhart, Paul Harvey.

SITUATION—Charles Boyer, a fugitive from Parisian justice, lives in the native quarter of Algiers, capital of Algeria, and rules it. French detective Paul Harvey comes to Algiers after Boyer, but finds French methods impracticable in the native quarter. Native detective Joseph Calleia, however, sets a trap for Boyer when he sees that he has fallen for visiting Hedy Lamarr, whom he meets during trouble in the quarter. Boyer plans to outwit Calleia and join Hedy on a boat sailing for France. But Boyer's native sweetheart, Sigrid Gurie, double-crosses both Calleia and Boyer—with what result you must see for yourself. . . .

COMMENT—In these times of near famine for the motion picture business, "Algiers" should prove to be an exceptionally fine audience picture. It is beautifully written, directed, and acted. And it is not until you have seen an outstanding example of movie legenddom—that through all-around excellence of production an ordinary story (really just a run-of-the-mill detective yarn) has been transformed into high-class entertainment.

Charles Boyer as jewel thief Pepe le Moko brings great sincerity to a role which could easily have been uninteresting. And his longing for Paris, from which he is an exile, is poignant. Sigrid Gurie, last seen in "The Adventures of Marco Polo," is good, and Hedy Lamarr, star of the foreign-made "Ecstasy," which caused much commotion in this country a few years ago, is beautiful and effective in this, her American debut. Joseph Calleia, famed for his bad man roles, adds another fine portrayal to his already long list. As a menace he has few equals on the screen. Gene Lockhart is outstanding as the informer.

But it is to Director John Cromwell that I offer the biggest hand of praise. His direction lifts the story high out of the rut.

OPINION—Well worth seeing.

"ALWAYS GOODBYE"

Produced by 20th Century-Fox
Directed by Sidney Lanfield

CAST—Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall, Ian Hunter, Cesar Romero, Lynn Bari, Binnie Barnes, John Russell, Franklin Pangborn.

SITUATION—Barbara Stanwyck starts to drown herself after her fiance is killed in an automobile accident, but she is talked out of it by doctor Herbert Marshall, who has a penchant for wandering over the earth. Barbara has a child and, in order to give it a name, relinquishes it to Ian Hunter and his wife, who do not know the identity of the mother. Her then gets Barbara a job in Binnie Barnes' dressmaking establishment, and promptly disappears for five years. When he returns, Barbara meets up with her child by accident, discovers that scheming Lynn Bari, who does not like the child, is engaged to marry Ian Hunter, whose wife has died. Despite Herb's objections, Barbara steps in to save her child from Lynn. . . .

COMMENT—Doubtless most of those who see this picture will feel that Barbara Stanwyck is an example of womanhood at its best when she rejects Herbert Marshall, the man she loves, to marry Ian Hunter, whom she does not love, in order to look after her child for the rest of her life. All I know is that the authors had a tough problem to solve. Let the consequences be on their own heads!

The point of which I'm most certain in the whole film is that Binnie Barnes is developing into one of the most attractive women on the screen and also into a highly competent actress. She is scrumptious in this. I cannot understand what happened to Director Sidney Lanfield (who has done such fine jobs heretofore, especially with Sonja Henie), for this picture drags unacceptably at times. Perhaps the sticky flow of sentimentality in the story slowed him down. And just between us, I'm of the opinion that Cesar Romero is given a bad break in an overdrawn characterization. Little John Russell, as Barbara's child, is excellent. If you like Barbara Stanwyck in the weepy roles which she is called upon to play so often (too often, I think), here she is, doing a good job. But I'd rather see her in something less saccharine.

OPINION—So-so. (Please turn to page 20)

LOVE CAME TO ME . . .

(Continued from page 14)

thought, but somehow I did not heed the warning of my involuntary action and I said, "I shall not only offer the two cents, Mr. Harkness, but I shall go out and save Arden the trouble of coming into this room."

This was not necessary, I discovered, for Arden already was standing in the doorway, and he had heard everything. His smile was unpleasant—and challenging. "What's wrong with you, schoolteacher?" he asked belligerently.

"I will have to confess," I said, "that I do not care for the tone in which you pronounce the word 'schoolteacher.' It is entirely too nasal and derisive."

Arden Harkness then asked me what I intended to do about his tonal qualities. I replied that I intended to hit him in the mouth. Recalling the words of the Bard, I felt that I should "suit the action to the word, the word to the action." And I am proud to say that I defended the honor of my profession by telling Mr. Arden Harkness at one blow.

At this point a singular thing happened. The elder Mr. Harkness began trying to hold my arms, and the younger Harkness began biting me on the right calf. I was able to stave off the rush of Arden only by sticking my left knee into his chest. Gerald's continued biting of my right calf was most painful, and I did a lot of thrashing about, with Mr. Harkness hanging on.

To be brief, Mr. Superintendent, considerable damage was done in the office before the janitor and two members of the school board arrived and separated me from the Harknesses. (I intend, of course, to pay for the damage out of my salary.)

The two board members, I am pleased to say, upheld my action. Indeed, Mr. Tremper complimented me and said that he had always wanted to take a "pop" (as he put it) at Wesley Harkness. And I wish to point out, Mr. Superintendent, that the petition which Mr. Harkness circulated carries only three percent of the taxpayers in School District No. 22.

However, I am not blind to the fact that a principal cannot make his school the scene of a low brawl in which property is damaged and lives are endangered. It is beneath the dignity of the profession—and you will therefore realize the reason for the resignation which I tender herewith.

I want you to know, however, that I performed my duty as a principal by advising Miss Menefee that she had not been discrediting in the case of Gerald, and that his "improvement" had undoubtedly been due to goodness knows what trickery—probably with the aid of his father and brother. Miss Menefee was greatly chagrined at being taken in, and accepted what I said as a teacher should accept criticism from her superior.

Miss Menefee also seemed immensely pleased at my action with the Harknesses. I cannot account for the workings of the female mind, Mr. Superintendent, and I shall not attempt an explanation here. Miss Menefee said that she was delighted that I had acted "human," as she put it, instead of like a principal. And she said that you would surely not accept my resignation in view of all the facts as well as the attitude of the townspeople and the other two board members. Furthermore, Miss Menefee said that if you do accept my resignation under the circumstances, you are hardly the man she would expect to find in your position.

I do not mean to imply that I agree with Miss Menefee, Mr. Superintendent. I simply wish to give you Miss Menefee's statement because of her important connection with the events as they happened.

Very truly yours,
Eldred O. Wainwright,
Principal

Learn to LIVE!

—Overcome worry and nervousness!

DO YOU

- wake up tired and irritable?
- "fly off the handle" at little things?
- have the "jitters"?
- have petty obsessions?
- fail to capitalize your strong points?
- think you're handicapped in life?
- have a "worry circle"?
- tire easily?

Two mountainous rocks blocking the road to a full and happy life are worry and nervousness. To be COMPLETELY happy—to find the REAL fullness of life—we must discover a way to get around these obstacles. And to discover this way around, most of us NEED HELP!

Today the obstacles of worry and nervousness loom larger than ever—for the high pressure and swift pace of our twentieth-century civilization bring our nervous tendencies to the surface.

These nervous tendencies are most successfully subdued with knowledge—a knowledge of what causes nervous tendencies, and a knowledge of how we may best rid ourselves of them.

To help us combat worry and nervousness, William S. Sadler, M.D., and Lena K. Sadler, M.D., have written a book—"THE MASTERY OF WORRY AND NERVOUSNESS." The well-known Doctors Sadler have had a broad training and wide experience in this field—helping people to find themselves and overcome their nervous disturbances and disorders. The book is a practical work by two practical people—a book which not only defines the many types and kinds of nervous ailments, but also explains CLEARLY AND SOUNDLY how these ailments may be helped.

Some idea of the scope of "The Mastery of Worry and Nervousness" is shown by the following list—a partial list of subjects covered in the book: Hysteria; the neuroses; chronic fear; the waste of worry; the causes of worry; the tyranny of habit; how to develop coolheadedness; what "fictitious pain" really is; the overthrow of worry; how to develop your will; the mastery of moods; and many others.

A thorough reading of "The Mastery of Worry and Nervousness" SHOULD DO MUCH TO HELP YOU OVERCOME THE OBSTACLES NOW STANDING IN YOUR PATH TO A HAPPIER AND MORE PERFECT LIFE! Send for it—TODAY!



This book is library-size—5 1/2 x 8 1/4 inches. It is bound in luxurious, red maroon-grained buckram, gold-stamped and sewed. The type is large and readable, printed on a fine, high-grade paper.

THE AUTHORS

William S. Sadler, M.D., and Lena K. Sadler, M.D. The Doctors Sadler are teachers and writers of wide experience and training. They are the authors of more than a score of books on health and hygiene, and have had a professional experience of more than thirty years. Both doctors are members of the leading medical and scientific bodies in this country.

The Family Circle Magazine,
400 Madison Avenue,
New York City

Enclosed is 60c (stamps, check, or money order). Please send my copy of "The Mastery of Worry and Nervousness"—POSTPAID.

Name

Address

City State

NO matter what odd-timers may say, the palmy days have not gone by. To people of 60-odd years, the phrase "palmy days" revives memories of an era when women were more beautiful, gentlemen more gallant, and life was unaccompanied by traffic lights, psychic kids, and pickets. But the moderns who scurry through life in our larger cities are likely to think that the phrase refers to the growing ranks of those with outstretched hands. And small wonder, for the owners thereof are engaged in Big Business, and down into the open palms of New York City's 16,000 beggars tinkles silver to the yearly total of \$13,000,000.

There may be something ridiculous about harassed stenographers and bookkeepers tossing alms to some mendicant who oozes them five to one, but there is something sublime about it, too, and the impelling reason is an excellent index to the donor. Why do we give to beggars? Because, say the psychologists, it makes us feel superior. Because we are superstitious. Because we dislike to pass what might be a worthy case. Because, not being able to read the future, we believe in casting bread upon the waters. Because we like to know where our money goes instead of helping fill the impersonal community chest. Because, but for the grace of God, there stand we.

Perhaps we refuse to give at all, and thereby we label ourselves as lacking sophistication, for it is well known that men of the world are generous to the unfortunate. But, remembering those \$13,000,000, perhaps we are just a lot of kindhearted pushovers. We know well enough the perfectly logical reasons for not sparing a dime—it's degrading, it solves no problem, it makes us a party to what is an imposition on the public. Quite so, but let any one of us with even a little knowledge of the uncertainties of existence look upon deformity or sheer helplessness or the chalky whiteness of prolonged hunger, and away melts all rationality. We are—more power to us—a perverse people.

As for the frauds in the mendicant fraternity—and there are swarms of them—nothing puts us in more of a pother. Just let us find that we have given two cents to a faker, and our agonized shrieks match those of a factory whistle at noon. But, with experience, we should become accustomed to these petty frauds, for while there is begging there will always be phonies. Which brings us to Bampfylde-Moore Carew.

TWO hundred years ago the incredible Bampfylde-Moore Carew was known as king of the beggars, and the world may never look upon his like again—which will be all to the good for us. Born in Bickley, Devonshire, England, of wealthy parents with high social connections, he began as an infant to hornswoggle his fellow men. His hyphenated name was fashioned from those of his two godfathers who, fascinated by the innocent babe peering at them from his cradle, tossed a coin to see which mother should come first at the christening. It's sad to say that both of the godfathers probably lived to regret the bestowal of their names upon young Carew, for Bampfylde was indubitably a bum.

He got his start by running away with a band of gypsies, and in some 30 years of mumping, as begging was then termed, he amassed close to \$130,000. Bampfylde was really an actor gone wrong—he made the

world his stage and his victims the audience. And, like an actor, he enjoyed coming back for an encore, often imposing on some credulous citizen three or four times in one year.

Bampfylde wasted no time whining over a tin cup on a corner. He preferred to do his chiseling by calling on the better class. His repertoire of characters was boundless. One day he was a cripple with gruesome artificial sores; the next, a mournful monk, for those were the days when mendicant friars overran the land. So Bampfylde roamed the British Isles, refuting the idea that beggars cannot be choosers by carefully picking his prospects, and little thinking that a hundred years later Thackeray would describe Becky Sharp as being "restless as Ulysses or Bampfylde-Moore Carew."

Having noticed that unemployed or distressed sailors were popular because of their tales of foreign shores, our Bampfylde actually made a voyage to Newfoundland to establish for himself a background. Home again, he lived for two years as a disabled

Edinburgh's John Tait traveled through Scotland selling brooms and begging. Then, after a hard day's evening, he would tear off songs and dances of his own. His two wives bore him 21 children. He lost his eyesight, then regained it 12 years before his death. He died in 1772, age 118.



indeed, acted as a shill by being the first to chip in half a crown so as to stimulate others, for they considered Bampfylde a whimsical and entertaining dog who was, perhaps, just a little queer.

THERE was no scrambling the bad egg of the Carews. Hearing of a farmer who had lost everything by a fire near Abbotsbury, Bampfylde dashed there to get local color, forged the signatures of the principal squires and clergy to a scroll, and went on another begging spree. A ship bound for Philadelphia was wrecked off the coast of Ireland, and before long Bampfylde was in Belfast, playing the remunerative role of a castaway Quaker with a harrowing story. Carried away by this success, he later discovered a ship breaking up one midnight on the then lonely shoals off Portland, and he resolved to stow himself in realism. Just before dawn he swam out through the breakers to the ship, found one man still alive, and pumped him for information about the vessel and crew. The sailor was drowned in an attempt to reach shore, but Bampfylde came floating safely landward to the open arms of the sympathetic folks who had assembled on the shore in the early morning. That escapade was good for a couple of years of mouching.

Whenever Bampfylde heard of some landlord who was hard-boiled, he thought nothing of hiding his clothes under a hedge and appearing at the door in such a state of ventilation that a present of clothing was well nigh imperative if the peace and dignity of the

GIMME!



Thomas Campbell put on a soldier's uniform decked with pennant, medals and charged the Times Square crowd like a hellbore, shouting "You see how it is! Come across!" (His harvest, \$40 per hour.)

neighborhood was to be preserved. When the press gangs which shanghaied stray peasants for His Majesty's army and navy became too pressing, Bampfy turned up as a pie woman, although on several occasions he was nabbed for the army before he could don his corset and skirts. He always, however, managed to desert.

Just to be devilish, Bampfy went mumping through a dozen European countries, although he spoke no foreign language, and he crowned his career by making two trips to that outlandish place called America. Landing at Hampton, Virginia, he worked the gentile gyp on the trusting colonists all the way to New London, Connecticut, and on the second voyage made it from Hampton to Boston. These journeys gave him sufficient gipse ammunition for the rest of his life, and he spent his last unregenerate days in a fashionable London suburb.

THERE is no record of any beggar who ever possessed a tenth of Bampfyde-Moore Carrow's artistic effrontery, and it is a long jump from his day to the 1930's, but it will serve to show that the legend of the wealthy beggar comes true often enough to be much stranger than fiction. In Newark-New Jersey, on April 18, 1932, a shabby man named Anthony Misiak was arrested for soliciting alms. Upon his arrival at the station house, the police gave him a perfunctory frisking, and then the panic was on. The seedy Anthony shed 25 \$1,000 bills and 79 \$100 bills. Altogether, counting some small change, the walking bank had \$33,101.56!

That represented, Anthony assured the judge, merely the proceeds of a lifetime of toil. He was fined \$50, and his money was impounded under a court order pending hearing of a separate maintenance action

filed by his astounded wife. Three weeks later Anthony was pinched again for looking pathetic with his hand out. That time he had only \$15—two days' earnings.

The term "beggar," by the way, had a most respectable beginning. A rich priest, one Lambert le Begue, of Liege, Belgium, established in the 13th century a series of semi-monastic lay associations whose members were known as Beguines and Beghards. They were scattered over Belgium, Holland, and Germany and devoted themselves to good works without taking any religious vows. All the members solicited donations of every sort and were viewed with respect for almost a century, but at the end of 300 years

the communities of Beguines and Beghards had become nothing more than poorhouses.

THE city of New York, known to beggars as an easy-money town, was taking its mendicants or leaving them alone, without any particular fuss one day or another, until Horton "Stumpy" Malone made the headlines much against his will. It happened like this: A chauffeur named David Morrison was arrested in a car along with some companions who looked suspicious to detectives, and Morrison hired two lawyers to defend him. Freed after several days, Morrison paid only one of the lawyers, so the other attached the car for \$110. Then it came out that the

POOR BEGGAR? THIS ARTICLE

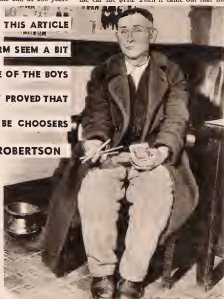
MAKES THAT TERM SEEM A BIT

SILLY. FOR SOME OF THE BOYS

HAVE CERTAINLY PROVED THAT

BEGGARS CAN BE CHOOSERS

BY STEWART ROBERTSON



Poor Anthony Misiak! He had only \$33,101.56 in his clothes when the police nabbed him for begging. Fined \$50, he was pinched three weeks later, again for looking pathetic with his hand out. But that time he had only \$15—a mere two day's earnings

GIMME!

legless Samuel Harsay used to rack himself about 18th-century London streets on a raised-bottom platform, like Bampfyde-Moore Carrow, he was called King of Beggars, but modestly declined the right to the title. Nevertheless, he was able to buy several large houses. His favorite pitch was outside Court's Bank, because he believed that people who had just received money would feel generous



Shempy Malone had a car, chauffeur, two-room end-bath suite at a Broadway hotel, went to Florida every winter. After work he donned evening clothes and went hot-spotting with Mrs. Shempy

car belonged to Mr. Malone, who was a legless beggar, well known along Broadway, but until this publicity broke no one along the stem had dreamed that he lived right on that feverish thoroughfare, occupying two rooms and both at the Hotel Marlborough. There was also an allegation that Mr. Malone went to Florida every winter, and that he maintained a pair of expensive artificial legs in the hotel so that, dressed for the evening, he could sally forth with his wife to do the high spots. Mr. Malone bewailed this unlooked-for break.

"The papers like to play me up as a rich beggar," he protested, "but I'm really a poor one. They yell about my two-room suite at the Marlborough. Why, say, I'd only have one room if my mother-in-law wasn't visiting us. And my winters in Florida? When I'm down there I work 16 hours a day, because I'm a concessionaire at fairs. I have a doll stand, and my wife has a pitch for coffee and sandwiches. We make enough down there to tide us over the summer in New York, where I do my penril vending."

So it's all, you see, in the point of view.

(Please turn to page 20)

THE NEW FILMS

(Continued from page 16)

"COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN"

Produced by Warner Brothers
Directed by Lloyd Bacon

CAST—Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Priscilla Lane, Dick Foran, Ann Sheridan, Johnnie Davis, Ronald Reagan, Emma Dunn, Granville Bates, James Stephenson, Hobart Cavanaugh, Elizabeth Risdon.

SITUATION—Dick Powell and his band, hitchhiking to Hollywood, are kicked off a freight train in the dude ranch section of the West. Pat O'Brien, vacationing theatrical agent, thinks Dick is a cowboy crooner, signs him to a contract, and takes him back to New York. Dick is a smash hit. Offered a Hollywood contract as a singing cowboy, Dick is afraid to take it because he is allergic to animals. They scare him to death. On top of that, real cowboy crooner Dick Foran, Powell's rival for Priscilla Lane, exposes him as a fake. But at a rodeo in Madison Square Garden, where Powell's fate hangs on a thread, along comes hypnotist James Stephenson. . . .

COMMENT—"Cowboy from Brooklyn" provides some moments of genuine comedy, but not many. It is too much on the slapstick side. Everybody seems well cast, so the trouble must lie with the story. For instance,



In "Cowboy from Brooklyn," Priscilla Lane wouldn't look so happy if she knew Dick Powell's dark secret

Dick Powell's phobia concerning animals of all kinds, with a yard fowls thrown in, becomes pretty silly. And the Madison Square Garden sequence is something less than hilarious. Pat O'Brien, whose performance is good, is really the picture's greatest asset.

OPINION—Nothing to get excited about.

"KEEP SMILING"

Produced by 20th Century-Fox
Directed by Herbert L. Leeds

CAST—Jane Withers, Gloria Stuart, Henry Wilcoxon, Heka Westley, Ted Protony, Douglas Fowley, Robert Allen.

SITUATION—Jane Withers, an orphan, is kept by an uncle, a Hollywood movie director, in an eastern girls' school. As uncle Henry Wilcoxon never gets around to inviting her to visit him, Jane decides to make the trip uninvited. She finds her uncle to be a drunkard and a near-failure. However, Wilcoxon's secretary, Gloria Stuart, is in love with him. Jane has ideas for rehabilitating Henry, and Gloria gladly joins forces with her. . . .

COMMENT—They've given Jane better than her usual supporting cast, but hardly better than her usual story. Not that the story is bad, but it just isn't, in my opinion, worthy of her ability. I may, however, be somewhat prejudiced in Jane's favor.

The supporting cast do the best they can with the material given them. Young Miss Withers does everything in the way of talent display except giving a cooking demonstration—which means that she runs the gamut.

OPINION—Okay if you like Jane Withers.

GIMMIE! GIMMIE!

(Continued from page 19)

Malone did carry a batch of pencils, but it's an even bet the same lot lasted him all season, unless a few naive souls took one in exchange for a nickel "so as not to hurt the poor fellow's feelings." Broadway shopkeepers reported having watched Malone make five dollars in half an hour among the theatre crowds, and they credited it to the fact that instead of looking glum, he was always well groomed, cheerful, and smiling. The turn-up of Malone, his car, suite, and generally cushy existence didn't do the profession any good, and for some time after Malone's exposure the beggars of the bright-light district reported slim takings, but New York is now back in trim again at dishing out the dimes.

Once in a while a beggar gets overheated on his own account. Outside the Capitol Theatre in Quebec, Canada, there hovers one Babe Edmond, nicknamed Campette, who has a bank account, owns a block of houses in the French Quarter, and actually has lent money to the towns of Chicoutimi, his birthplace. Campette never passed up any public events, and so once when all the paraphernalia of a society wedding blossomed at the Basilica, Quebec's most famous church, people figured Campette was slipping because he was nowhere to be seen. The chimes pealed, the doors swung open, and down the steps came a vivacious damsel with Campette, her groom, immaculate in silk topper, cutaway, and striped trousers. After one week of honeymoon, Campette was back on the Capitol Theatre curb.

MENDICITY apparently has a lure which sets age, weather, and discomfort at naught. When Phillippe Trotier was hanged for murder at Quebec in 1922, he announced that the only thing he regretted to leave behind was the \$8 to \$12 a day he collected as a beggar. Felipe Magallanes, a Jekyll-and-Hyde character arrested in Lisbon, Spain, in January, 1933, owned an apartment house, and there, well dressed and suave, gave music lessons to scores of pupils for day. Came the dusk, Felipe slipped into his rags to pursue his hobby of begging. On October 30 of the same year gendarmes in the village of Thuir, France, searched a hunchback without any luck until his hump chanced to slip sideways. Inspection of the artificial deformity showed that it contained \$750 in French and Spanish notes.

On January 17, 1934, during one of the sporadic cleanups in Mexico City, the authorities corralled one Gerardo Velasquez, a lady of 123 summers, who had been begging all her life. She and her girl friends, Apolonia Flores, age 113, and Apolonia's baby sister Soledad Rivera, 106, were exceedingly annoyed at being molested by the police, and submitted only under the most violent protest to being sent to a home. Tourists to Mexico never forget the hordes of beggars, and it seems quite in the nature of things to report that last November 28, representatives of the National Syndicate of Beggars, claiming membership of 1,500,000, applied to the labor department of Mexico for recognition as a union. Headquarters was given as "the entire republic." So far there has been no comment from labor department officials.

In Denver, Colorado, on February 1, 1934, one of the ubiquitous John Smiths was fined \$50 by Police Magistrate Pickens. John had been doing a bit of mumping and had

lost his money, and was desperate for his capital. "I need the nickels and dimes for running expenses," John told the court. But then the court was informed that John was also hoarding some gold. John apologized for this, saying that he had been too busy begging to read the newspapers. But John had a long way to go before he could equal Moses Minito, of Buenos Aires, Argentina, who, before a drive against "unjustified mendicants" snared him, managed to sink \$32,000 in the bank and buy several houses out of his daily average take of \$30.

Even Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, the tough guy of Turkey, has been unable to end almsgiving by the sentimental Moslems of his country. In March, 1934, a reporter on *Habes*, a newspaper in Istanbul (the old Constantinople of the spelling books), disguised himself as a beggar, and averaged 98 cents an hour asking alms on the Galata Bridge and in mosque courtyards. No wonder there was a shortage of Turkish factory hands at 75 cents per day.

One dismal duty of the police in Athens, Greece, is to gather in the city's beggars to suffer the annual tithing required by law. On May 14, 1934, the roundup seemed just like an ordinary one until an ancient croone named Kyriacoula Hadjiyanni was caught in the dragnet. The indignant police matrons found that Kyriacoula had a bankbook showing deposits of \$19,980 and also \$450 in bills. Being thrown into the hoosegow didn't cow the old girl (who might be said to have been literally lousy with money) and after being released she went tottering right back to work.

ACHRONIC mournful mumper was Frank Berger. On February 6, 1935, he looked so cold and forlorn while begging in the Times Square subway station that a special officer figured it would be kinder to have him arrested than to drive him into the street. Arrest would mean at least food and shelter for him. When the police took him in hand, however, they found \$231 in various pockets. Frank told the police magistrate that he lived in Brooklyn and that his landlady kept \$2,000 of his which she doled out to him at the rate of \$25 a month. "But I never spend it," he said craftily. "I just hide it away, and then beg some more." Berger was given a suspended sentence, and 15 days later was picked up at the same stand. This time he was fined \$50. To pay it, he produced a roll of bills which he carried in an old sock which the police had overlooked.

Speaking of hosiery, there may have been murky romance in the fact that John Barzukos toted his cash in a woman's silk stocking slung around his neck. A policeman saw John begging in the rain on September 5, 1935, near New York's fashionable Beekman Place. The officer ordered him to move on. John started to obey, then collapsed from malnutrition. When he was admitted to Bellevue Hospital, \$375 in cash and \$6,722 in certificates of deposit were discovered in his "bank."

For a time the wounded-soldier racket was the most outrageous of all. Thomas Campbell, who had lost an arm in a railroad accident, decked himself out in a uniform and a row of pawnshop medals and harvested \$60 an hour in the Times Square area before police exposed him as a faker. There was nothing subtle about Campbell's approach. He didn't stand still, nor did he shuffle along.

(Please turn to page 23)

"Kitchening"—a cheerful red binder, completely indexed and designed to hold from 200 pages—is ideal for these colorful pages, as well as for past recipes of your own. Kitchening is a new, attractive binder and starts making your own cook book. We're offering "Kitchening" at a special price of only 25¢ in coin or stamps. Please write to Julia Lee Wright, Box 660, The Family Circle Magazine, Oakland, California.

BUREAU
TESTED
RECIPES

CUT ON DOTTED LINES

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

It is best to cook only a few ears of corn at a time, perhaps just enough for one ear to a person, because putting too many ears into the kettle at once will cool the water. A longer time for cooking will thus be required, and the kernels will be toughened. Besides, corn on the cob just out of the kettle is far superior in flavor to that which has been standing on the table a few moments. We usually cook enough for one serving at a time, and while that is being eaten, the second serving is being cooked, and so on. In this manner, each ear is enjoyed at its peak of flavor.

When cut corn is called for in recipes, the kernels may be cut from the cob either before or after the corn is cooked. Leftover corn on the cob is delicious cut from the cob and used up in some other way. Five medium-size ears will give about two cups of cooked corn.

One of the oldest and most delicious methods of cooking corn is attributed to the Indian squaws. Over live coals, they roasted the slender ears of maize to a golden brown. At old-fashioned corn roasts this same method was used. And now we've brought this manner of cooking corn into our kitchens. The tender young roasting ears are placed about three inches under the broiler, brushed with butter from time to time, and turned frequently until they assume a toasty brown shade. Corn cooked in this way about ten minutes has the old-time juiciness and flavor of roasted corn. Those who remember the thrill of corn roasts out under the stars get dreamy-eyed when they set their teeth into this broiled corn.

Speaking of eating corn, you may set your teeth into corn on the cob—and use both hands to hold it, too—with the full approval of the etiquette books. Little handles are convenient for holding the ears, but they are not at all necessary. Of course, only a few rows should be buttered at a time.

With modern canning methods, we do not need to confine our enjoyment of corn on the cob to summer seasons, because it has joined canned whole kernel corn and creamed corn as a favorite.

These recipes will be favorites, too, whether they're made with fresh or canned corn. And for favorable corn quotations, we suggest you serve corn in one of these interesting ways today.



Director, Homemakers' Bureau,
The Family Circle Magazine, Box 660, Oakland, California

CORN ON THE COB

The boiled way

Remove husks and strands of silk from corn; trim off ends and any blemishes. Submerge in rapidly boiling water in large kettle; again bring quickly to boil; and boil 3 to 10 minutes, or until tender, depending upon size and maturity of corn. Add salt the last 2 minutes of cooking, allowing 1 tsp. for each quart of water. Remove from water; serve immediately.

BROILED CORN

A new way with corn

Remove husks and strands of silk from corn; trim off ends and any blemishes. Arrange ears on broiling rack about 3 inches from broiler unit. Brush with melted butter from time to time; cook about 10 minutes, or until tender and golden brown, turning frequently. Remove to hot serving platter; sprinkle with salt; and serve at once.

FOLD

HERE

SAVE EACH WEEK

JULY 29TH

CORN QUOTATIONS

For recipe use

Five medium-size ears of
fresh corn yield 2 cups corn
when cut from cob.

CORN OYSTERS

For pancakes or patties

3 medium-size ears fresh corn	2 tbsp. baking powder
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
1 cup all-purpose flour	2 eggs
	1 tbsp. melted shortening

shortening. Drop by tablespoonfuls into hot shortening $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep in frying pan. Makes 20 medium-size patties. (Note: 1 cup canned cream style corn may be used in place of fresh corn and milk.)

SOUTHERN CORN CASSEROLE

Ham and corn collaborate

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raw ham, finely sliced	1 tsp. salt
2 ears fresh corn	1 tbsp. grated cheese
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup fine dry bread crumbs	2 cups cooked potatoes
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely sliced green pepper	1 tbsp. butter

In well greased casserole place



Sweet, tender roasting ears broiled to a golden brown recall the deliciousness of corn roasted out of doors

Cut off tops of corn kernels with knife; scrape cob with back of knife to remove pulp. Cook corn, pulp, and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk slowly about 25 minutes, or until corn is tender and mixture is reduced to 1 cup. Cool. Sift flour; measure; and sift again with baking powder and salt. Beat eggs well; add remaining milk and corn; mix; and stir in flour and

alternate layers of finely sliced ham, corn, and bread crumbs, saving $\frac{1}{4}$ cup for topping. Add green pepper, salt, and onion; pour tomatoes over mixture; sprinkle with remaining bread crumbs; and dot with butter. Bake 1 hour, or until ham is tender and crumbs are well browned, in moderate oven (350° F.). Serves 6 to 8.

GIMME! GIMME!

(Continued from page 20)

Instead, with stump shoved forward, he charged the crowds like a halfback, shouting, "You see how it is! Come across!" His one good hand was hardly fast enough to grab all the shekels.

SUCH authenticated cases of brazen and persistent imposture upon the generous-minded tend to chill sympathy toward the really destitute, and every ragged beggar comes under suspicion of being a masquerading millionaire. Nevertheless, there are beggars in slavery. John Sladhta, armless and eyeless, got from \$10 to \$25 daily on Park Avenue in New York City, but he was in the clutches of a manager who took him out in the morning, brought him home at night, and kindly allowed John to keep three smackers a day for himself. Many a blind musician moving haltingly through the city streets is trailed by his own particular Simon Legree, but to many of these peregrinating peons even a controlled freedom is to be preferred to confinement in an institution.

Everyone knows the panhandler, that wise and usually amiable student of human nature, who, under the camouflage of needing a match or the right time or the location of the City Hall, is forever talking the money right out of our pockets by dint of his wheedling gifts. In the world of mendicancy, however, panhandlers are looked upon with scorn. Even the store beggar, unknown to the general police but anathema to the shopkeepers—he pesters, is considered a shade

more regular. Store begging reaches its peak in China where its followers are organized into guilds and demand a stipulated sum annually from the merchants.

The general run of beggars, besides the blind, includes the "flopper," a person with one or no legs who squats on the pavement; the "high heeler," who wears a concealed iron framework built into a high shoe, thereby causing an exaggerated limp; and the "black hood," an old woman who wears a shawl over her head and sits on a campstool with a crying baby in her arms—and the baby is always crying, as who wouldn't under a delectable wadded pin.

Then there is the exceedingly common "throw-out," the partial paralysis faker with a dragging leg, a shoulder which is cantled upward, or a forearm crooked across the body with fingers flexed to look like claws. Practice this before a mirror and you'll be surprised to see what an effective "throw-out" you can achieve. And don't forget the mournful mug which will make your unhappiness contagious. Lastly there is the "mission stiff," usually a hoary gent whose soul changes from black to white with the coming of winter. He swaps hellfire and spurious confessions for his "scuffing" (cating) and a "coffin flop" (a wooden bunk). Who will say that he doesn't earn them?

Of course, there is the occasional beggar who is impossible to classify, such as old "Crying Mary" on the Brooklyn Bridge. She was a cape-and-bonnet Irishwoman who had something wrong with her tear ducts, and from time to time they would stage a flood over Mary's lugubrious countenance. When-

ever she felt an attack coming on, Mary would scuttle up to one of the Brooklyn Bridge approaches and bawl out her hand. From the nearby windows of the old New York World building, envious reporters would watch her grab off a couple of dollars an hour.

One should know how the other half lives, all right, and the receptive mind expands under the stimulus. Perhaps Marcus Aurelius, the great Roman emperor-philosopher, had it straight when he wrote, "One thing there is, and that only, which is worth our while in this world, and ought by us much to be esteemed, and that is lovingly to converse with false and unrighteous men."

"Meadows," say I, "my hat and stick—and a little tin cup!"

(Clank!)

IT DOESN'T HARDEN
IN WET WEATHER!

IODIZED
OR FLAVWHEN IT RAINS
IT POURS

"IMAGINE THE NERVE
-calling me a 'BO-BO'"

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT HERE
COMES HELEN. THE GIRLS ALL
CALL HER A "BO-BO"



I HEARD THAT REMARK! JUST
WHAT DID YOU MEAN? WHY AM
I A "BO-BO"?



OH, HELEN, I'M SO
SORRY I WAS
JUST JOKING. I
DON'T MEAN A
THING



IS THAT SO? WELL!
HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT
A "BO-BO" IS ONE WHO
HAS "BO" BUT I BATHE
EVERY DAY! WHAT MORE
CAN I DO?



USE LIFEBOUY,
HELEN. ALL OUR
CROWD GO



BE SAFE! Bathe daily with Lifebuoy
B Health Soap. Lifebuoy contains a special
exclusive purifying ingredient—sapon-
"BO" as so ordinary soap does. Wonder-
ful for complexion, too. If you will send a
clipping of this offer with your name and
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Brothers Co., Dept.
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WHAT SHALL WE EAT?



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